

The Critic

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Authors at Home. I.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER AT AMESBURY.

NEARLY all the likenesses of Mr. Whittier, with which the present public is familiar, represent an aged man, albeit with a fire flashing in the eye and illuminating the countenance, like that fire which underlies the snows of Hecla. But if, in approaching eighty, his face is still so strong and radiant, in his youth it must have had a singular beauty, and he still keeps that eye of the Black Bachelder, a glint of which was to be seen in the eye of Daniel Webster, and possibly, tradition says, in that of Hawthorne and of Cushing. At any rate, he has shown a fair inheritance of the strength of will and purpose of that strange hero of song and romance, his Bachelder ancestor.

But other strains, as interesting as the old preacher's, are to be found in Whittier's ancestry. One of his grandmothers was a Greenleaf, whence his second name, and she is said to have been descended from a Huguenot family of the name of Feuillevert, who translated their name on reaching our shores, as the custom still is with many of our French and Canadian settlers, to Greenleaf. The poet himself says:

The name the Gallic exile bore,
St. Malo, from thy ancient mart
Became upon our western shore
Greenleaf, for Feuillevert.

To the artistic imagination, that likes in everything a reason for its being, there is something satisfactory in the thought of Huguenot blood in Whittier's veins; and one sees something more than coincidence in the fact that on the Greenleaf coat-of-arms is both a warrior's helmet and a dove bearing an olive-leaf in its mouth. Among the Greenleafs was one of Cromwell's Lieutenants; and thus on two sides we find our martial poet born of people who suffered for conscience' sake, as he himself did for full forty years of his manhood. The scion of such a race,—how could he pursue any other path than that which opened before him to smite Armageddon; and yet the grandson of Thomas Whittier, of Haverhill, who refused the protection of the block-house, and, faithful to his tenets, had the red man to friend, in the days when the war-whoop heralded massacre to right and left—the grandson of this old Quaker, we say, must have felt some strange stirrings of spirit against spirit, within him, as the man of peace contended with the man of war, and the man of war blew out those strains before which the towers of slavery's dark fortress fell. For Whittier was not only the trumpeter of the Abolitionists, in those dark but splendid days of fighting positive and tangible wrong, he was the very trumpet itself, and he must have felt sometimes that the breath of the Lord blew through him.

They are terrible days to look back upon, the period of that long fierce struggle beneath a cloud of obloquy and outrage; but to those who lived in that cloud it was lined with light, and in all their sorrows there was the joy of struggle and of brotherhood, of eloquence and poetry and

song, and the greater joy yet of knowing that all the forces of the universe must be fighting on the side of right.

The old homestead where Whittier was born, in 1807, is still standing, and although built more than two hundred years ago, it is in good condition. It is on a high tableland, surrounded by what in the late fall and winter must be a dreary landscape. Carlyle's Craigenputtock, the Burns cottage, the Whittier homestead, all have a certain correlation, each of them the home of genius and of comparative poverty, and each so bleak and bare as to send the imagination of the dwellers out on strong wings to lovelier scenes. Little boxes and paper-weights are made from the boards of the garret-floor of the Whittier homestead, as they are from the Burns belongings, and twigs of the overshadowing elm are varnished and sold for pen-holders, but the whole house would have to go to the lathe to meet the demand, if it were answered generally, for it is the old farmhouse celebrated by 'Snowbound,' our one national idyll, the perfect poem of New England winter life. An allusion to that strange and powerful character, Harriet Livermore, in this poem, has brought down upon the poet's head the wrath of one of her collateral descendants, who has written a book to prove that nothing which was said of that fantastic being in her lifetime was true, and that so far from quarrelling with Lady Hester Stanhope as to which of them was to ride beside the Lord on his re-entry into Jerusalem, she never even saw Lady Hester. But why any one, descendant or otherwise, should take offence at the tender feeling and beauty of the poet's mention of her is as much a mystery as her life.

It was in the fields about this homestead, that fame first found our poet. For there he bought, from the pack of a travelling peddler, the first copy of Burns that he had ever seen, and that snatched him away from hard realities into a land of music; and here the mail-man brought him the copy of that paper containing his earliest poem, one whose subject was the presence of the Deity in the still small whisper in the soul; and here Garrison came with words of praise and found him in the furrow, and began that friendship which Death alone severed, as the two fought shoulder to shoulder in the great fight of the century.

Although he had been for some time contributing to the press, Mr. Whittier was but twenty-three years old when he was thunderstruck by a request to take the place of Mr. George D. Prentice, in editing the *New England Weekly Review* for a time; of which request he has said that he could not have been more astonished had he been told he was appointed Prime Minister to the Khan of Tartary. In 1835 and in 1836 he was elected to the State Legislature of Massachusetts, and he was engaged, during all this period, in active politics in a manner that seems totally at variance with the possibilities of the singer of sweet songs as we know him to-day. He declined re-election to the Legislature, upon being appointed Secretary to the American Anti-Slavery Society, removing to Philadelphia, and remaining there two years, at the end of which time the office of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which he edited, was sacked and burned by a mob.

Few men in the world have a closer acquaintance with this same many-headed monster than our gentle poet, for he has been followed by mobs, hustled by them, assailed by them, carrying himself with defiant courage through them all; and it is a tremendous range of experience that a man finds, as Mr. Whittier has been able to do, between being assaulted by a midnight mob and being chosen the Presidential Elector for a Sovereign State.

After the suppression of his paper—this was at a time when the Legislature of Georgia had offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of the editor of the *Liberator*,—Mr. Whittier sold the old Haverhill homestead and removed to Amesbury, a lovely town, the descendant of Queen Guinevere's Almbresbury, the neighbor of Stonehenge and old Sarum, which seems a proper spot for him a for a new Sir Galahad; and from this time he began to send

out those periodical volumes of verses which have won him the heart of the world. Here his lovely sister Elizabeth, herself a poet, with his mother, and his Aunt Mercy—the three loved of all 'Snowbound's' lovers—brightened the home for years, one by one withdrawing from it at last for their long home, and leaving him alone, but for the subsequent sweet companionship of his nieces, who themselves went away in their turn for homes of their own.

The poet's dwelling in Amesbury is exceedingly simple, and exquisitely neat, the exterior of a pale cream color, with many trees and shrubs about it, while, within, one room opens into another till you reach the study that should be haunted by the echoes of all sweet sounds, for here have been written the most of those verses full of the fitful music,

Of winds that out of dreamland blew.

Here, in the proper season, the flames of a cheerful fire dance upon the brass andirons of the open hearth, in the centre of a wall lined with books; water-colors by Harry Fenn and Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter, together with interesting prints, hang on the other walls, rivalled, it may be, by the window that looks down a sunny little orchard, and by the glass-topped door through which you see the green dome of Powow Hill. What worthies have been entertained in this enticing place! Garrison, and Phillips, and Higginson, and Wasson, and Emerson, and Fields, and Bayard Taylor, and Alice and Phoebe Cary, and Gail Hamilton and Anna Dickinson, are only a few of the names that one first remembers, to say nothing of countless sweet souls, unknown to any other roll of fame than heaven's, who have found the atmosphere there kindred to their own.

The people of Amesbury, and of the adjoining villages and towns, feel a peculiar ownership of their poet; there is scarcely a legend of all the region round which he has not woven into his song, and the neighborhood feel not only as if Whittier were their poet, but in some way the guardian spirit, the genius of the place. Perhaps in his stern and sweet life he has been so, even as much as in his song. 'There is no charge to Mr. Whittier,' once said a shopman of whom he had made a small purchase; and there is no doubt that the example would have been contagious if the independent spirit of the poet would ever have allowed it.

These Indian Summer days of the poet's life are spent not all in the places that knew him of old. The greater part of the winter is passed in Boston; a share of the summer always goes to the White Hills of which he is passionately fond, and the remainder of the time finds him in the house of his cousins at Oak Knoll in Danvers, still in his native county of Essex. This is a mansion, with its porches and porticoes and surrounding lawns and groves, which seems meet for a poet's home; it stands in spacious and secluded grounds, shadowed by mighty oaks, and with that woodland character which birds and squirrels and rabbits, darting in the chequered sunshine, must always give. It is the home of culture and refinement, too, and as full of beauty within as without. Here many of the later poems have been sent forth, and here fledglings have the unwarrantable impertinence to intrude with their callow manuscripts, and here those pests of prominence, the autograph-seekers, send their requests by the thousands. But in the early Fall the poet steals quietly back to Amesbury, and there awaits Election Day, a period in which he religiously believes that no man has a right to avoid his duty, and of which he still thinks as when he saw

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

What a life he has to look back upon, as he sits with his fame about him—what storms and what delights, what strug-

gle and what victory! With all the deep and wonderful humility of spirit that he bears before God and man, yet it is doubtful if he could find one day in it that he would change, so far as his own acts are concerned. It is certain that no one else could find it.

In appearance, Mr. Whittier is as upright in bearing as ever; his eye is as black and burns with as keen a fire as when it flashed over the Concord mob, and sees beauty everywhere as freshly as when he cried with the 'Voices of Freedom' and sang the 'Songs of Labor'; and his smile is the same smile that has won the worship of men, and of women too, for sixty years and over. Now it is with a sort of tenderness that people speak and think of him whose walk will perhaps go but little farther with their own; not that they deem such vitality and power and spirit can ever cease, but that they are warned of its apotheosis, as it were, into loftier regions, where his earthly songs shall be turned to the music of the morning-stars as they sing together.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HONORING THE QUAKER POET.

A portrait of Mr. Whittier, painted by Edgar Parker, of Boston, was presented to the Friends' School at Providence, R. I., on Friday last, Oct. 24. The donor was Mr. Charles C. Coffin, of Lynn, Mass., who was a pupil in the school fifty years ago and afterwards a teacher, and is now a Committeeman. The portrait, which now hangs in Alumni Hall, is life-size, and represents the poet as seated in an arm-chair 'in an attitude of peaceful thought.' On the occasion of the presentation, an address was delivered by President Chase of Hartford College. A letter from Minister Lowell was then read. It contained the following sonnet:

New England's poet, rich in love as years,
Her hills and valleys praise thee, and her brooks
Dance to thy song; to her grave sylvan nooks
Thy feet allure us, which the woodthrush hears
As maids their lovers, and no treason fears.
Through thee her Merrimacs and Agiochooks,
And many a name uncouth, win loving looks,
Sweetly familiar to both Englands' ears.
Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
The lily's anchorage, which no eyes behold
Save those of stars, yet for thy brothers' sake,
That lay in bonds, thou blew'st a blast as bold
As that wherewith the heart of Roland broke,
Far heard through Pyrenean valleys cold.

A letter was also read from John Bright, expressing his regret at not being able to be present. He said in closing:

'The Virginia Slave Mother's Lament' has often brought the tears to my eyes; it is short, but is worth a volume on the great question which was settled twenty years ago, by your great conflict, in which so much treasure and blood was expended to make freedom the heritage of your continent. Those few lines were enough to rouse a whole Nation to expel from among you the odious crime and guilt of slavery. In the poem of 'Snowbound' there are lines on the death of the poet's sister which have nothing superior to them in beauty and pathos in our language. I have read them often with always increasing admiration. I have suffered from the loss of those near and dear to me, and I can apply the lines to my own case and feel as if they were written for me. The 'Eternal Goodness' is another poem which is worth a crowd of sermons which are spoken from the pulpits of our sects and churches, which I do not wish to undervalue. It is a great gift to mankind when a poet is raised up among us who devotes his great powers to the sublime purpose of spreading among men principles of mercy and justice and freedom. This our friend Whittier has done in a degree unsurpassed by any other poet who has spoken to the world in our noble tongue. I feel it a great honor that my bust should stand in your hall near the portrait of your great poet. Excuse this poor expression of my feelings. I wish I could write to you something more worthy of the occasion to which you are looking forward with so much interest. Believe me sincerely your friend.

Reviews

Stoddard's "Swinburne."*

'If I have done what I sought to do,' says Mr. Stoddard at the close of his Introduction, 'I have honored the genius of Algernon Charles Swinburne.'

'God forbode,' sayde the Kynge,
'That thou sholde shoote at me!'

Long may it be before Mr. Stoddard is impelled to honor the genius of the present writer! We fear he would so far dissemble his love as to kick us downstairs out of pure impartiality. One is curious to know how Mr. Stoddard would deal with an author of whom he intended to make an awful example. What harder knock would he give than this? 'He has published a dozen or more volumes of verse; but he has written no line that lingers in the memory, and has uttered nothing that resembles a thought.' Ay so? Not even the semblance of a thought? 'Genius' indeed it is which has imposed upon the world so long and so well; and Mr. Stoddard figures nobly as hierophant of Abracadabra. But the rest of Mr. Stoddard's tribute we do think is undeserved. Certain of the choruses of 'Atalanta in Calydon' needed but a single reading—of course we speak only for ourselves—to linger in our own memory for many a year. And of many a perfect verse scattered thick as flowers in spring throughout these pages, we can only say that if they do not command Mr. Stoddard's remembrance they at least deserve to.

Of 'Chastelard,' the supreme achievement of Swinburne's genius, worthy of Fletcher at his best, but refined by an art beyond Fletcher's scope, even a hostile critic, one would suppose, could scarcely refrain from good words. Mr. Stoddard's comment is as follows:—'Swinburne occupies a prominent place among the crowd of contributors to the poetic drama of the Nineteenth Century' (which Mr. Stoddard has previously characterized as 'a sorry survival of the poetic drama of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries'), 'and occupies it justly, as it seems to me. There is nothing in the whole range of the English drama with which his trilogy of plays of which Mary Queen of Scots is the heroine can be compared; and whether one likes it or not, it is certainly a remarkable work. It is remarkable for the skill with which he has delineated the character and passions of that strange woman; . . . and it is remarkable for its length, which exceeds that of any dramatic work in the language.' Its length! Shade of Nicodemus Boffin! does Mr. Stoddard mete out fame with a yardstick? 'Whether one likes it or not?' Yet this critic who can doubt of his liking for 'Chastelard' has no doubt, apparently, of his sympathy with Swinburne's genius.

The truth about this Introduction seems to be that Mr. Stoddard has saved himself trouble by drawing upon his own essay on the subject of 'Tristram of Lyonesse.' Of the eighteen pages of which it consists, nine are devoted to a general survey of English verse, with special reference to Marlowe, while five more are given up to 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' which is not even reprinted in this collection. This is much as though one were to make 'Venus and Adonis' the text for a dissertation on Shakspeare. Swinburne's genius is lyric and dramatic; and Mr. Stoddard—who would certainly not wish this Introduction to be his own sole bequest to posterity—ought to have made his theme of the best examples of his author. Fortunately, however, his selection is compiled with admirable taste, and the reader is given ample opportunity of forming his own judgment.

Of 'Atalanta in Calydon' Mr. Stoddard's praise is not stinted. But 'Atalanta' and 'Erectheus,' wonderful as reproductions of Greek tragedy, and abounding with noble and beautiful verse, are yet—like Gorge Eliot's 'Romola'—rather to be classed as *jours de force* than as masterpieces.

* Selections from the Poetical Works of A. C. Swinburne. Edited with an Introduction by R. H. Stoddard. \$1.25 to \$6. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The breath of life has not passed into their nostrils; aliens they came to us, aliens they have remained. Of the lyrics, too, much of Mr. Stoddard's criticism holds good—in fact, Mr. Stoddard's sins are less those of commission than of omission. Somewhat might have been said, however, of Swinburne's prose writings, and especially of his articles in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' And we wonder how Mr. Stoddard, in introducing the poet to an American audience, could fail to speak of the generous homage to contemporary merit, of the undying love of liberty and hatred of oppression, which have ever found utterance in the verse of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Of poetasters we have enough and to spare; but thanks are paid in our churches for many a lesser boon than the gift of such a poet to the world.

Marlowe's Works.*

THESE three volumes are the first instalment—so the preface tells us—of a collective edition of the English dramatists who lived and wrote while Shakspeare was alive and writing. The new and uniform collection of the great Elizabethan dramatists, and of the dramatists only less great who illumined the reign of James I., is to be edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen, to whom we are already indebted for an excellent collection of old plays. No more competent or careful editor could now be found for such a collection, and such a collection could not more fitly begin than with the complete and orderly presentation of the works of the greatest of Shakspeare's predecessors in the poetic drama. There have been other editions of Marlowe's works, but it is with no wish to disparage them that we declare this to be more worthy of the author and of the present state of criticism. Lieut-Col. Cunningham, although industrious and well informed, was at best little better than an unusually gifted amateur. Dyce, of course, was a professional student, equipped to perfection; but he had one fatal defect—he was hesitating; he pottered about among various readings without coming to a frank decision. In fact, Dyce's merits and demerits as an editor might be summed up in saying that he was as uncertain as he was learned, and that he knew almost everything except his own mind. Mr. Bullen is of sterner stuff, and his edition is emphatically the best obtainable. Indeed, it is so good that it sets us a-longing for the forthcoming volumes, especially the editions of Middleton—next in order—and Shirley. There is no need now to praise 'Marlowe of the mighty line,' and we are glad to see that Mr. Bullen in his introduction does not let eulogy of his author tempt him into the spasmodic hyperbole of some less sane British critics of our time. He has been unusually minute in his comparison of the text, consulting all the various editions of Marlowe's plays, including the probably unique 1619 copy of 'Doctor Faustus' which belongs to Mr. Frederick Locker, and which is not the least prized of that poet's very choice collection of first editions and literary rarities.

Minor Notices.

A COMMENDABLE piece of biography is the life of John Kalb by Friedrich Kapp. It is written in a clear and straightforward style, and is based on minute investigations into Kalb's life. The result of first-hand inquiry, it shows General Kalb in quite a new and novel light. Though it takes away some of our desire to praise him for fighting on our side, yet it gives us a clearer idea than we had entertained before of the moral and social life of the Eighteenth Century. Mr. Kapp proves that Kalb was the son of a yeoman, and that he deliberately assumed his aristocratic prefix. Members of his family, it is true, belonged to the nobility, but his own branch of it did not. Nothing is known of his education or of his early life. He entered the French army when a young man, rose slowly in official capacity, studied hard, and made himself a competent soldier. He fought

* The Works of Christopher Marlowe. Edited by A. H. Bullen. 3 vols. \$9. (The English Dramatists.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

against his own country, following the profession of war without regard to patriotic considerations. It seems that he came to America in a professional capacity, not at all because he felt any enthusiasm for liberty, as his companion Lafayette did. He came as a soldier, to push his way in his profession, to gain distinction here for the sake of promotion in France. Yet he was a brave, capable, honorable soldier, who did his duty faithfully as he understood it. He was a capable officer, but he had none of those motives which we associate with patriotism and heroism. Mr. Kapp has made a good book, one showing him to be an historical student of no mean capacity. He justly complains, in his preface, of the treatment received by him in our State Department at Washington, while pushing his inquiries into the life of Kalb. It is but one more instance of the little value set on literature by the men who are usually at the head of our Governmental affairs. It is fortunate for us as a people that the spirit of inquiry and the love of truth inhere in the minds of individual men, and that scholars will pursue their tasks in the midst of discouragements. (Henry Holt & Co.)

IT IS a pleasure merely to take into one's hands anything so unique, so dainty, and so satisfying as the edition of 'Roadside Songs of Tuscany,' translated and illustrated by Francesca Alexander, and published by John Wiley & Sons. We might add what is added on the title-page as an attraction, that it is also 'edited by John Ruskin'; but really the only fault we could find with the book is that it contains a little too much of Mr. Ruskin, the editor. Even a critic could have been trusted to discover for himself the beauty of Francesca Alexander's work; and really the labels, 'This is a horse,' 'this is a cow,' of the youngest child-artist are hardly more ludicrous than Mr. Ruskin's continual assurance 'This is good! I assure you this is good! pray look at it! Even I, John Ruskin, find it good! I beg of you not to treat it carelessly!' The book is published in parts, and we believe each part, containing two of the wonderful illustrations, may be bought separately. Of these pictures we can only say that they are quite worth framing; the modern touch which infuses so much of thought and meaning into work which shows so much of classical feeling in choice of subject, gives to these delicate drawings almost every desired quality. These are, of course, the chief feature of the book. Little is claimed for the text, which is, however, a simple and faithful rendering of the Italian legend, which is in each case printed in the original on the opposite page. Wherever the language is not literal translation, the effect is an improvement; the translator's perfect taste serving her as truly in literature as in art.

'THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY,' by Vernon Lee (Famous Women Series: Roberts Brothers), is the interesting story of a remarkable woman, vividly told. The lesson of the career of Louise of Stolberg—the delicate, intellectual girl whose martyrdom as the wife of Charles Edward Stuart resulted in the austere friendship which she gave to Alfieri, and who, after the death of Charles Edward and of Alfieri, grew into a happy, self-satisfied, commonplace old woman, seeing crowds of the most distinguished people and receiving piles of the most interesting and adoring letters—is that of the meanness which lurks in noble things and the nobility which lurks in mean ones. The Countess of Albany is especially one of those to be judged with remembrance of the time in which she lived. To have been virtuous and patient and austere in the corrupt Florence of the corrupt Eighteenth Century would alone entitle one to a biography; and there is something very fine in that involuntary exclamation of the tortured wife who has made a careless remark in one of her letters: 'What a cruel thing to expect one's happiness from the death of another! O God! how it degrades one's soul!'

THE COMPILERS of 'Tableaux de la Revolution Française,' Professor T. F. Crane and Instructor S. J. Breen of Cornell

University (Putnam), have had the very great advantage of access to the library of President White, which contains the largest collection of material on the French Revolution within the bounds of the United States. The plan of the book is admirable. It makes the study of French a means rather than an end, by giving for a 'French Reader' brief selections of historical French literature, worthy of study both for their historical interest and rhetorical worth, all objectionable passages having been omitted. The book is not a history of the Revolution, but, as its name implies, a series of striking 'tableaux,' taken from such sources as Erckmann-Chatrian, de Tocqueville, Louis Blanc, Le Moniteur Universel, Thiers, Lavallée, Madame Campan and Madame Roland. The student, therefore, instead of devoting weary hours to unravelling the mysteries of some ridiculous fable about a bee and a butterfly, for the sake of seeing how the verb *avoir* is used, puts to use what he knows about *avoir* in getting at valuable and interesting facts.

'SELECTIONS from the Miscellaneous Writings of Dr. George W. Bagby' (Richmond: Whittet & Shepperson) contains many of the fine humorous sketches and lectures in which Dr. Bagby excelled; among them the peerless 'Rubinstein' and 'Meekinses Twineses.' The Virginia dialects—'low white trash' and 'nigger'—have never been better hit off. The panegyric on Virginia, however, out-Virginias anything of the kind that we know of, even from her most devoted sons and daughters. We yield to none in our admiration for much that Virginia has done and been; we are proud of her as a mother of heroes and rejoice that she is one of us; but really, when it comes to a definite statement that Greece and Rome were nothing to Virginia, we hesitate about 'claiming a share' of quite so much honor.

Recent Fiction.

'JACK ARCHER,' by G. A. Henty, illustrated (Roberts Brothers), is a manly and spirited tale of the Crimea, in excellent taste and good tone throughout. It is a little long, and the print is too fine; but it is interesting, though adapted to older lads who care for the actual detail of battles and manœuvres. It is an admirable feature of the book that it does not give a mass of invented incident supposed to be exciting for boys. There is plenty of adventure, but all of it has an historical bearing, and the circumstance of the midshipmen's imprisonment gives a chance for showing the peculiarities of Russian life and politics. The heroes are two bright, ingenious lads, who are not ashamed to owe their escape from brigands to the original device of crawling under some mats while the robbers' heads are turned; not seeing them as they look back, the robbers naturally infer that they have run away, and scatter in all directions to search for them, when the boys improve the opportunity to run.

'HACO THE DREAMER' (Franklin Square Library) is a simple but rather entertaining little sketch of Scotch university life. The 'Dreamer' is a young fellow who thinks there is such a thing as caring too much about knowing a great deal, and he woos first a young lady who tells him that she 'loves to be liked, but doesn't like to be loved.' He is not made seriously unhappy, and weds another and simpler maiden. The idea of the book is good in taking a mortal of rather less than the average capacity for its hero, and the old father is capably drawn. The ordinary novel about a dreamer always represents the misunderstood visionary as a good deal better than his fellows after all; 'Haco' fills a place with the much-needed reminder that dreaming is not necessarily a mark of unappreciated genius.

'A SEA-CHANGE,' illustrated (Roberts Brothers), is the quiet, simple and attractive story of a little girl rescued from a wreck. That its author is Flora L. Shaw, the author of 'Castle Blair,' 'Hector' and 'Phyllis Browne,' is sufficient

guarantee of its worth. It is for older girls, and has little touches in it delightful to the elders, the *naïve* criticisms of Lord James Egerton on London society being particularly good. There is an excellent moral, for both elders and children, in that one little sentence of the heroine when she makes her *début* among strange people: 'I mean to be brave, and to like them!' A wonderfully good little story.

The Magazines for November.

THE brilliant articles on 'The Great Hall of William Rufus,' which with their fine illustrations and vividly picturesque presentation of history have been a noteworthy feature of *Harper's Magazine* lately, come to a close with the ringing words of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. —Tragedy in a simpler form appears in the story of the Acadian sufferers as told by Francis Parkman, who, however, thinks that 'New England humanitarianism, melting into sentimentality at a tale of woe,' has judged too severely the measure of wholesale expatriation, which, cruel as it seemed, was not put into execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried and had failed. —The frontispiece is also historical—an interesting engraving of Vandyck's 'Charles I. and Henrietta Maria;' and the historical fiction, or the fictitious history, of Mr. Black's 'Judith Shakspeare' comes to a not untimely end. —F. D. Millet tells the story of the unfortunate art competitions which showed the mortifying result of over six hundred competitors and no drawing worthy of a prize—a result as disappointing to the judges and to the publishers offering the prize as to any one. Mr. Millet's article is intended, not as an apology, or as an explanation of the decisions, but as a warning and a lesson, especially to youthful aspirants who forget that the highest triumph of art is not the method but the result. —It is delightful to have something more about 'Sydney Smith' from Andrew Lang; and Burns illustrated by Abbey has all the charm of an old friend who has not grown old. —Chrysanthemums appear in both their practical and their poetic guise; the descriptive articles are of the conservatories at Kew, the Norman Fisher-Folk, and Columbia College, which laid down at its start, as the primary principle of all sound education, 'the evolution of faculty and the formation of habit;' a definition curiously in line with the scientific nomenclature as well as the best scientific thought of to-day. —A charming feature of the number is Harriet Prescott Spofford's 'Three Quiet Ladies of the Name of Luce.' It is hardly a story, but as an exquisite sketch it rivals our remembered impressions of 'Cranford,' and very probably surpasses the actual 'Cranford.'

The Atlantic is appallingly full of information. From simple statements, such as that the Lake of Como 'is shaped like a long fish with a cloven tail, the three portions being of about equal size, the lower ones divided by a broad wedge of land, the base of which, to the southward, is known as the Brianza, the point being the promontory of Bellagio,' we pass through a series of continued and solid instruction of which the title of one article, 'Crude Science in Aryan Cults,' is perhaps a fair type. —We agree with Prof. Shaler in his sense of the importance of 'The Negro Problem,' and its solution as probably only possible with national assistance; we admire Miss Preston's admiration of the Provençal Mistral; we wish we knew as much about the 'Haunts of the Mocking-Bird' as Maurice Thompson does; we struggle manfully to find out what was 'The Embryo of a Commonwealth;' we try to forget that we ever heard of 'Malta' before; we are glad to know that there is a wonderful Russian artist named Aivazofsky; we revive our recollections of the ever-charming 'De Senectute;' we feel it unpardonable neglect that we have so long been left ignorant as to 'The Last Stand of the Italian Bourbons;' and we make an heroic effort to read 'Stephen Dewhurst's Autobiography,' by Henry James, Sr. —But when all is done,

or learned, one feels the necessity for rest; and one finds it, not in the fiction of the number, which is limited to Dr. Weir Mitchell's serial, and which, though interesting and fine in its natural though thrilling climax, is too exciting to be restful; one finds it in Edith Thomas's rumination on 'Grass.' Her name looks out at us from the list of contents like a violet by a geologic stone. We learn our lessons first, and then we hurry to her pages as we might hurry to green pastures for repose. The very pages of the magazine where the 'Grass' is found seem cool to the fingers and beautiful to the eye; and when we have rambled through the 'Grass,' with a running accompaniment from Whittier's 'Birchbrook Mill,' we close *The Atlantic* with a sense that after all the November number is a very charming one.

A single page in *The English Illustrated* is a condensed novel in itself: the page containing the illustration of 'Rotten Row' in the interesting article on horses, ancient and modern. —The beginning of a new serial, 'A Family Affair,' by Hugh Conway, is most promising, though entirely different in style from the author's popular 'Called Back.' Heidelberg and Loch Fyne compete for description, and Mr. Shorthouse gives a sequel to his spiritual romance of 'The Little Schoolmaster Mark,' which is interesting, though it appears somewhat too long after the publication of the first instalment.

The chapters this month of Miss Tincker's serial in *Lippincott's Magazine* are full of that delicious local color which makes something in the way she merely mentions strawberries wonderfully taking. —The 'Week in Killarney' is as good as ever, which is saying a great deal for its bright and puzzling situations; and 'Jack Miner's Wound' is a very good short story of the West. A pretty account of 'A French Sewing-Girl' varies the usual descriptive articles; and in the 'Monthly Gossip' A. W. R., in a brief article on 'Tact,' gives some charming anecdotes of the graceful tact often shown by children.

In *The Century* we have the first of the promised articles on the Civil War—a paper on 'The Battle of Bull Run,' by Gen. Beauregard. It is a little startling to recall occasionally, with an effort, while reading so much about 'the enemy,' that *we* are the enemy. Gen. Beauregard ascribes the defeat of the Confederacy to the timid defensive policy and narrow military view of the head of their Government—a President who was neither a military man nor a politician, and who would not take the advice of military men and politicians in military and political matters. He is convinced that the South did not fall crushed by the mere weight of the North: it was nibbled away at all sides and ends by an executive that did not understand how the superb moral forces of their party might be made to reduce the splendid physical superiority of ours. This wholesale division of the 'moral forces' on one side and the 'physical strength' on the other, with incompetent mediocrity sitting in judgment and practically settling the dispute, does not seem a very dignified presentation of either the 'lost cause' or the successful one. Napoleon could not have triumphed, Gen. Beauregard seems to think, if he had been subject to the whims and timidity of a Jefferson Davis; but Napoleons have a way of getting rid of their Jefferson Davises; and, we may add, that superb 'moral force' in which we have quite as much faith as the general himself has a way of eventually ridding itself of its Napoleons. The General states that with the magnificent resources of the South, it would have been a shame for it to ascribe its failure to mere material contrast; yet in the very next column he practically reduces success to guns, and is sure the South would have had the guns if it had not been for Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis's incapacity reduced to its lowest terms proves to be the incapacity of a man lacking in moral force, and failing to provide himself with guns! The spectacle of the world's fate hanging in the balance at the mercy of a Cæsar or a Napoleon is sufficiently sad; the spectacle of the world's

fate, or even of a Southern Confederacy's fate, hanging in the balance at the mercy of a Jefferson Davis, such as Gen. Beauregard paints him, is too melancholy for belief.—It is almost with a groan that we discover that Mr. Howells's new serial is to be a resurrection of that frightful Bartley Hubbard and Marcia, who may be types, and undoubtedly are warnings, but who are inexcusably uninteresting.—Mr. Stockton, in his 'Tale of Negative Gravity,' quite upsets our own gravity for the hundredth delightful time; and Joel Chandler Harris, whose anecdotes are even better when lengthened into stories, gives us 'Free Joe and the Rest of the World.'—George Ticknor Curtis suggests an improvement in the electoral question; Dr. Potter bids us beware of the charity which is the quickest way of making ourselves comfortable in conscience; Col. Waring demands the good old-fashioned ewer in all rooms but the bath-room; Henry Burden McDowell describes the Chinese Theatre; and Mr. Scudder reminds us of the noble combination within our reach of Omar Khayyám translated by Fitzgerald and illustrated by Vedder.—T. A. Janvier has a powerful short story, 'The Lost Mine.'—Mrs. Field's recollections of Charles Reade are less interesting than her recollections of Emerson; presumably because Reade himself was less interesting than Emerson.—Austin Dobson contributes an 'Old Sedan Chair' to a Fine-Art Museum, and its double to this number of *The Century*.

Thon.

MR. C. C. CONVERSE's new pronoun of the singular number and common gender has met with a warm welcome from philologists and the press. It is universally acknowledged to meet a long-felt want, the only obstacle to its general acceptance being the unwillingness of the great body of English-speaking people to adopt into the language any new word, no matter how needful, that is not recruited from the vocabulary either of science or of slang.

The new word has received a number of godspeeds, some of which we quote. Prof. March, of Lafayette College, than whom there is in this country no higher authority on English philology, writes: 'What Mr. Converse says of the want of such a pronoun is all good, and he forms his *thon* very simply, and I do not know that any other vocable would have so good a chance for this vacancy.' Prof. W. L. Montague, of the Amherst School of Languages, writes: 'It seems to me a very happy suggestion. I hope that it may be received favorably and in due time adopted.' Prof. Norton, of Harvard, in a note Mr. Converse remarks: 'Such a pronoun would undoubtedly be a convenience, did it exist. The difficulty lies in its being *yours*. All forms of speech have grown, and I do not recall an instance of the use by a civilized race of any word, not a noun or a verb, deliberately invented by a philologist, however ingenious.' President Gates, of Rutgers, writes to a friend of Mr. Converse: 'The suggestion of *thon* for the long vacant post of third personal demonstrative and separative, I noticed with interest. Since the first article appeared in *THE CRITIC*, we have amused and interested ourselves by often using it in the family, in conversation. Beyond controversy, it is a great convenience. . . . If *thon* is at once received, Mr. Converse will occupy the distinguished and almost unique position of the living father of a new Saxon word for our Anglo-Saxon-English-sentence-building tongue. I wish *thon* success.'

The comments of the press have been no less favorable and friendly than these personal commendations. *The Literary World*, of London, notes that 'an American lawyer has invented a long-needed new pronoun, compounded of *that* and *one*, and declined thus: nominative *thon*, possessive *thons*, objective *thon*. . . . Of its utility, though it has an awkward sound, no doubt can be entertained.' 'It is indeed remarkable,' says the *Chicago Current*, 'that we have neglected to coin a pronoun of the common gender. Such a word is absolutely necessary to the perfection of our

language. It is a necessity which we have evaded in a very awkward manner. Now that this subject is again being agitated, let us strive to accomplish something.' An educational paper published in Michigan observes very truly that 'this newly coined word would obviate all difficulty in regard to the troublesome *himself*, *herself* and *itself*, when speaking of different genders.' But, as the *New York Commercial Advertiser* reminds Mr. Converse, it is hard to add a word to an old tongue: 'It took a very long time to secure standing room in the language even for so obviously necessary a form as the neuter possessive pronoun, *its*.'

The Lounger

MME. BLAVATSKY unveiled Isis, and now a Mme. Colombe unveils Mme. Blavatsky. Mme. Colombe (how dangerously like the name of the woman who unveiled Sara Bernhardt!) gives us some esoteric information about the high priestess of Theosophy, which does not redound to that lady's credit or to the credit of her Koot Houmi. The *Madras Christian College Magazine* published an article from the pen of Mme. Colombe—who was at one time an 'embryo adept,' and high in the confidence of the high priestess—in which the writer reproduces letters which she says were written to her by Mme. Blavatsky and which 'give away' (to use the expressive language of the street) some of the occult mysteries of Koot Houmi. Mme. Colombe says that she sent telegrams to Mme. Blavatsky which were to appear as though received from the depths of Thibet, and that she assisted the famous Russian in working her miracles. In some of the letters quoted Mme. Blavatsky laughs at the 'familiar muffs' and 'domestic imbeciles' who believe in Theosophic revelations. It may be that Mme. Blavatsky will deny these letters and prove Mme. Colombe an envious rival for the robes of Isis. I am surprised that one whose knowledge of human nature is as profound as that of Mme. Blavatsky should have made the mistake of taking a woman into her confidence. Her secret is safer in the bosoms of Olcott and Sinnett, neither of whom could ever hope to wear the robes of a high priestess.

CARLYLE growled and grumbled at pretty nearly everything under the sun, and not least at the profession of literature. 'It often strikes me'—so runs his journal for February 19th, 1838—'as a question, whether there ought to be any such thing as a literary man at all. He is surely the wretchedest of all sorts of men. I wish with the heart, occasionally, that I had never been one. I cannot say I have seen a member of the guild whose life seems to me an enviable one.' Surely his own life, with its early disappointments and poverty, its grinding work and intolerable dyspepsia, was not an enviable one in the ordinary sense of the word. And yet, Lounger as I am, I had rather be Carlyle, with all his crosses and infirmities, than one of those poor souls that jog along the highroad of life, blissfully oblivious of the vital questions on which the spirit of Carlyle was always brooding. For his own happiness it might have been better if he had been what is known amongst the Methodists as a local preacher—a man who works at his trade on week-days and addresses a congregation on the Sabbath. Daily exercise in the smithy would have exorcised the devil that possessed his stomach, and a weekly sermon would have afforded an outlet for the demon that possessed his soul. That one may be a literary man and yet live an enviable life is sufficiently proved, however, by the career of Emerson—not to look farther for modern instances.

ANOTHER thing that Carlyle grumbled at was his portrait by G. F. Watts, which is included in the collection of paintings sent from London by that ambitious artist for exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in this city. This is the way the original of the picture indorses it:

Decidedly the most insufferable picture that has yet been made of me, a delirious-looking mountebank full of violence, awkwardness, atrocity, and stupidity, without recognizable likeness to anything I have ever known in any feature of me. *Fuit in fatis*. What care I, after all? Forster is much content. The fault of Watts is a passionate pursuit of strength. Never mind, never mind!

AN ENGRAVING from this unfortunate painting is to be found in the bound volume of this year's *Magazine of Art*; and an engraving of another work to be exhibited at the Museum—Mr. Watts's portrait of Austin Dobson—appeared in the October *Century*. As a likeness it is no more satisfactory than the

earlier painting; and if Mr. Dobson were a dyspeptic sage instead of a poet of unexceptionable digestive powers, it would probably be made the subject of as bitter a tirade as the canvas representing the 'delirious-looking mountebank.'

HERMAN ELIASOFF, of Chicago, celebrates the Montefiore birthday in a pamphlet containing a brief sketch of his hero's benefactions and a 'Song of Praise' of which he is not only the author but the publisher. The Hebrew text is as pretty as a picture. I wish the poet had not translated it. Though I can't read it, I much prefer the original to the English version, even though the latter contains the following 'timely appeal' to the Sons of Israel who have gone West to grow up with the country:

Oh Judah's sons, who dwell out West,
The sounding voice with anthems swell,
Touch swift the lyre and sing your best,
Sir Moses praise, his glory tell!
With one accord your thanks proclaim,
And praise aloud Sir Moses' name.

If it were not for the English title, one might mistake the above for a eulogy, not of a living baronet, but of the great Hebrew lawgiver who led the Chosen People dry-shod across the Red Sea sands.

Mr. Lowell on Democracy.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

In view of the exceptional interest attaching to Mr. Lowell's inaugural address on Monday last as President of the Midland Institute, we reproduce the American Minister's speech *in extenso*. Mr. Lowell's address, which has been specially revised by himself for these columns, was as follows:—

He must be a born leader or misleader of men, or must have been sent into the world unfurnished with that modulating and restraining balance-wheel which we call a sense of humor, who, in old age, has as strong a confidence in his opinions and in the necessity of bringing the universe into conformity with them as he had in youth. In a world the very condition of whose being is that it should be in perpetual flux, where all seems mirage, and the one abiding thing is the effort to distinguish realities from appearances, the elderly man must be indeed of a singularly tough and valid fibre who is certain that he has any clarified residuum of experience, any assured verdict of reflection, that deserves to be called an opinion, or who, even if he had, feels that he is justified in holding mankind by the button while he is expounding it. And in a world of daily—nay, almost hourly—journalism, where every clever man, every man who thinks himself clever, or whom anybody else thinks clever, is called upon to deliver his judgment point-blank and at the word of command on every conceivable subject of human thought, or, on what sometimes seems to him very much the same thing, on every inconceivable display of human want of thought, there is such a spendthrift waste of all those commonplaces which furnish the permitted staple of public discourse that there is little chance of beguiling a new tune out of the one-stringed instrument on which we have been thrumming so long. In this desperate necessity one is often tempted to think that if all the words of the dictionary were tumbled down in a heap, and then all those fortuitous juxtapositions and combinations that made tolerable sense were picked out and pieced together, we might find among them some poignant suggestions toward novelty of thought or expression. But, alas! it is only the great poets who seem to have this unsolicited profusion of unexpected and incalculable phrase, this infinite variety of topic. Everything has been said before, and said over again after. He who has read his Aristotle will be apt to think that observation has on most points of general applicability said its last word, and he who has mounted the tower of Plato to look abroad from it will never hope to climb another with so lofty a vantage of speculation. Where it is so simple if not so easy a thing to hold one's peace, why add to the general confusion of tongues? There is something disheartening, too, in being expected to fill up not less than a certain measure of time, as if the mind were an hour-glass, that need only be shaken and set on one end or the other, as the case may be, to run its allotted sixty minutes with decorous exactitude. I recollect being once told by the late eminent naturalist Agassiz that when he was to deliver his first lecture as professor (at Zurich, I believe) he had grave doubts of his ability to occupy the prescribed three-quarters of an hour. He was speaking without notes, and glancing anxiously from time to time at the

watch that lay before him on the desk. 'When I had spoken a half-hour,' he said, 'I had told them everything I knew in the world, everything! Then I began to repeat myself,' he added, roughly, 'and I have done nothing else ever since.' Beneath the humorous exaggeration of the story I seemed to see the face of a very serious and improving moral. And yet if one were to say only what he had to say and then stopped, his audience would feel defrauded of their honest measure. Let us take courage by the example of the French, whose exportation of Bordeaux wines increases as the area of their land in vineyards diminishes.

To me, somewhat hopelessly revolving these things, the undelayable year has rolled round, and I find myself called upon to say something in this place, where so many wiser men have spoken before me. Precluded in my quality of national guest by motives of taste and discretion from dealing with any question of immediate and domestic concern, it seemed to me wisest, or at any rate most prudent, to choose a topic of comparatively abstract interest, and to ask your indulgence for a few somewhat generalized remarks on a matter concerning which I had some experimental knowledge, derived from the use of such eyes and ears as Nature had been pleased to endow me withal, and such report as I had been able to win from them. The subject which most readily suggested itself was the spirit and the working of those conceptions of life and polity which are lumped together whether for reproach or commendation under the name of Democracy. By temperament and education of a Conservative turn, I saw the last years of that quaint Arcadia which French travellers saw with delighted amazement a century ago, and have watched the change (to me a sad one) from an agricultural to a proletary population. The testimony of Balaam should carry some conviction. I have grown to manhood and am now growing old with the growth of this system of government of my native land, have watched its advances, or what some would call its encroachments, gradual and irresistible as those of a glacier, have been an earwitness to the forebodings of wise and good and timid men, and have lived to see those forebodings belied by the course of events, which is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets. I recollect hearing a sagacious old gentleman say in 1840 that the doing away with the property qualification for suffrage twenty years before had been the ruin of the State of Massachusetts; that it had put public credit and private estate alike at the mercy of demagogues. I lived to see that Commonwealth twenty odd years later paying the interest on her bonds in gold, though it cost her sometimes nearly three for one to keep her faith, and that while suffering an unparalleled drain of men and treasure in helping to sustain the unity and self-respect of the nation. I hear America sometimes playfully accused of sending you all your storms, and am in the habit of parrying the charge by alleging that we are enabled to do this because, in virtue of our protective system, we can afford to make better bad weather than anybody else. And what wiser use could we make of it than to export it in return for the paupers which some European countries are good enough to send over to us who have not attained to the same skill in the manufacture of them? But bad weather is not the worst thing that is laid to our door. A French gentleman not long ago, forgetting Burke's monition of how unwise it is to draw an indictment against a whole people, has charged us with the responsibility of whatever he finds disagreeable in the morals and manners of his countrymen. If M. Zola or some other competent witness would only go into the box and tell us what those morals and manners were before our example corrupted them! But I confess that I find little to interest and less to edify me in these international bandings of 'You're another.'

I shall address myself to a single point only in the long list of offences of which we are more or less gravely accused, because that really includes all the rest. It is that we are infecting the Old World with what seems to be thought the entirely new disease of Democracy. It is generally people who are in what are called easy circumstances who can afford the leisure to treat themselves to a handsome complaint, and these experience an immediate alleviation when once they have found a sonorous Greek name to abuse it by. There is something consolatory also, something flattering to their sense of personal dignity, and to that conceit of singularity which is the natural recoil from our uneasy consciousness of being commonplace, in thinking ourselves victims of a malady by which no one has ever suffered before. Accordingly they find it simpler to class under one comprehensive heading whatever they find offensive to their nerves, their tastes, their interests, or what they suppose to be their opinions, and christen it Democracy, much as physicians label every obscure disease gout, or as cross-grained

fellows lay their ill-temper to the weather. But is it really a new ailment, and, if it be, is America answerable for it? Even if she were, would it account for the phylloxera, and hoof-and-mouth disease, and bad harvests, and bad English, and the German bands, and the Boers, and all the other discomforts with which these later days have vexed the souls of them that go in chariots? Yet I have seen the evil example of Democracy in America cited as the source and origin of things quite as heterogeneous and quite as little connected with it by any sequence of cause and effect. Surely this ferment is nothing new. It has been at work for centuries, and we are more conscious of it only because in this age of publicity, where the newspapers offer a rostrum to whoever has a grievance, or fancies that he has, the bubbles and scum thrown up by it are more noticeable on the surface than in those dumb ages when there was a cover of silence and suppression on the caldron. Nor was it among the people that subversive or mistaken doctrines had their rise. A Father of the Church said that property was theft many centuries before Proudhon was born. Bourdaloue reaffirmed it. Montesquieu was the inventor of national workshops, and of the theory that the State owed every man a living. Nay, was not the Church herself the first organized Democracy? A few centuries ago the chief end of man was to keep his soul alive, and then the little kernel of heaven that sets the gases at work was religious, and produced the Reformation. Even in that, far-sighted persons like the Emperor Charles V. saw the germ of political and social revolution. Now that the chief end of man seems to have become the keeping of the body alive, and as comfortably alive as possible, the heaven also has become wholly political and social. Formerly the immense majority of men—our brothers—knew only their sufferings, their wants, and their desires. They are beginning now to know their opportunity and their power. All persons who see deeper than their plates are rather inclined to thank God for it than to bewail it, for the sores of Lazarus have a poison in them against which Dives has no antidote.

There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and political theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind; but, whether for good or evil, it should not be overlooked that the acorn from which it sprang was ripened on the British oak. Every successive swarm that has gone out from this *officina gentium* has, when left to its own instincts—may I not call them hereditary instincts?—assumed a more or less thoroughly democratic form. This would seem to show, what I believe to be the fact, that the British Constitution, under whatever disguises of prudences or decorum, is essentially democratic. People are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent. The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. I say wherever the conditions were favorable, for it is certain that the germs of disease do not stick or find a prosperous field for their development and noxious activity unless where the simplest sanitary precautions have been neglected. 'For this effect defective comes by cause,' as Polonius said long ago. It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that what are called the rights of man become turbulent and dangerous. It is then only that they syllogize unwelcome truths. It is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence;

The wicked and the weak rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion.

Had the governing classes in France during the last century paid as much heed to their proper business as to their pleasures or manners, the guillotine need never have severed that spinal marrow of orderly and secular tradition through which in a normally constituted state the brain sympathizes with the extremities and sends will and impulsion thither. It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy. Fairy tales are made out of the dreams of the poor. No; the sentiment which lies at the root of democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other and not its cause. It is merely the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gain-

ing that control and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency or drift—what we are being taught to call more wisely the evolution of things—has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. And in this case, also, the prudent will prepare themselves to encounter what they cannot prevent. Some people advise us to put on the brakes as if the movement of which we are conscious were that of a railway train running down an incline. But a metaphor is no argument, though it be sometimes the gunpowder to drive one home and imbed it in the memory. Our disquiet comes of what nurses and other experienced persons call growing-pains, and need not seriously alarm us. They are what every generation before us—certainly every generation since the invention of printing—has gone through with more or less good fortune. To the door of every generation there comes a knocking, and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor and his wife, have been doing some deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the cold. The porter always grumbles and is slow to open. 'Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?' he mutters. Not a change for the better in our mortal housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it—have not prophesied with the alderman that the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave trade, abolition of slavery, trade-unions—at all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured 'Ichabod.' But the trade unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation.

One of the most curious of these frenzies of exclusion was that against the emancipation of the Jews. All share in the government of the world was denied for centuries to perhaps the ablest, certainly the most tenacious, race that had ever lived in it—the race to whom we owed our religion and the purest spiritual stimulus and consolation to be found in all literature—a race in which ability seems as natural and hereditary as the curve of their noses, and whose blood, furtively mingling with the bluest bloods in Europe, has quickened them with its own indomitable impulsion. We drove them into a corner, but they had their revenge, as the wronged are always sure to have it sooner or later. They made their corner the counter and banking-house of the world, and thence they rule it and us with the ignobler sceptre of finance. You mobbed Priestley only to set up his statue and make Birmingham the headquarters of English Unitarianism. We hear it said sometimes that this is an age of transition, as if that made matters clearer; but can any one point us to an age that was not? If he could, he would show us an age of stagnation. The question for us, as it had been for all before us, is to make the transition gradual and easy, to see that our points are right that the train may not come to grief. For we should remember that nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial 'r.' A great man struggling with the storms of fate has been called a sublime spectacle; but surely a great man wrestling with these new forces that have come into the world, mastering them and controlling them to beneficent ends, would be a yet sublimer. Here is not a danger, and if there were it would be only a better school of manhood, a nobler scope for ambition. I have hinted that what people are afraid of in democracy is less the thing itself than what they conceive to be its necessary adjuncts and consequences. It is supposed to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners, and conduct—to endanger the rights of property and possession. But I believe that the real gravamen of the charges lies in the habit of making itself generally disagreeable by asking the powers that be at the most inconvenient moment whether they are the powers that ought to be. If the powers that be are in a condition to give a satisfactory answer to this inevitable question, they need feel in no way discomfited by it.

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with spectres and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its

own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be 'the government of the people by the people for the people.' This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that 'Democracy meant not "I'm as good as you are," but "You're as good as I am."' And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaludeen tells us that 'One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within "Who is there?" and he answered "It is I." Then the voice said "This house will not hold me and thee;" and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked "Who is there?" and he said "It is thyself;" and the door was opened to him.' But that is idealism, you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal. It used to be thought that a democracy was possible only in a small territory, and this is doubtless true of a democracy strictly defined, for in such all the citizens decide directly upon every question of public concern in a general assembly. An example still survives in the tiny Swiss canton of Appenzel. But this immediate intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy; it is not necessary, nor indeed, in most cases, practicable. Democracies to which Mr. Lincoln's definition would fairly enough apply have existed, and now exist, in which, though the supreme authority resides in the people, yet they can act only indirectly on the national policy. This generation has seen a democracy with an imperial figurehead, and in all that have ever existed the body politic has never embraced all the inhabitants included within its territory, and the right to share in the direction of affairs has been confined to citizens, and citizenship has been further restricted by various limitations—sometimes of property—sometimes of nativity—and always of age and sex.

The framers of the American Constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth, and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had a profound disbelief in theory, and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a venture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. They recognized fully the value of tradition and habit as the great allies of permanence and stability. They all had that distaste for innovation which belonged to their race, and many of them a distrust of human nature derived from their creed. The day of sentiment was over, and no dithyrambic affirmations or fine-drawn analyses of the rights of man would serve their present turn. This was a practical question, and they addressed themselves to it as men of knowledge and judgment should. Their problem was how to adapt English principles and precedents to the new conditions of American life, and they solved it with singular discretion. They put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the people's will, but of their whim. With few exceptions they probably admitted the logic of the then accepted syllogism—democracy, anarchy, despotism. But this formula was framed upon the experience of small cities shut up to stew within their narrow walls, where the number of citizens made but an inconsiderable fraction of the inhabitants, where every passion was reverberated from house to house and from man to man with gathering rumor till every impulse became gregarious and therefore inconsiderate, and every popular assembly needed but an infusion of eloquent sophistry to turn it into a mob all the more dangerous because sanctified with the formality of law. Fortunately their case was wholly different. They were to legislate for a widely-scattered population and for

States already practised in the discipline of a partial independence. They had an unequalled opportunity and enormous advantages. The material they had to work upon was already democratical by instinct and habitude. It was tempered to their hands by more than a century's schooling in self-government. They had but to give permanent and conservative form to a ductile mass. In giving impulse and direction to their new institutions, especially in supplying them with checks and balances, they had a great help and safeguard in their federal organization. The different, sometimes conflicting, interests and social systems of the several States made existence as a Union and coalescence into a nation conditional on a constant practice of moderation and compromise. The very elements of disintegration were the best guides in political training. Their children learned the lesson of compromise only too well, and it was the application of it to a question of fundamental morals that cost us our civil war. We learned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella but a poor roof; that it is a temporary expedient, often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.

Has not the trial of democracy in America proved on the whole successful? If it had not would the Old World be vexed with any fears of its proving contagious? This trial would have been less severe could it have been made with a people homogeneous in race, language, and traditions, whereas the United States have been called on to absorb and assimilate enormous masses of foreign population, heterogeneous in all these respects, and drawn mainly from that class which might fairly say that the world was not their friend, nor the world's law. The previous condition too often justified the traditional Irishman, who, landing in New York and asked what his politics were, inquired if there was a Government there, and on being told that there was retorted, 'Thin I'm agin it!' We have taken from Europe the poorest, the most ignorant, the most turbulent of her people, and have made them over into good citizens who have added to our wealth, and who are ready to die in defence of a country and of institutions which they know to be worth dying for. The exceptions have been (and they are lamentable exceptions) where these hordes of ignorance and poverty have coagulated in great cities. But the social system is yet to seek which has not to look the same terrible wolf in the eyes. On the other hand, at this very moment Irish peasants are buying up the worn-out farms of Massachusetts, and making them productive again by the same virtues of industry and thrift that once made them profitable to the English ancestors of the men who are deserting them. To have achieved even these prosaic results (if you choose to call them so), and that out of materials the most discordant, I might say the most recalcitrant, argues a certain beneficent virtue in the system that could do it, and is not to be accounted for by mere luck. Carlyle said scornfully that America meant only roast turkey every day for everybody. He forgot that States, as Bacon said of wars, go on their bellies. As for the security of property, it should be tolerably well secured in a country where every other man hopes to be rich, even though the only property qualification be the ownership of two hands that add to the general wealth. Is it not the best security for anything to interest the largest possible number of persons in its preservation and the smallest in its division? In point of fact, far-seeing men count the increasing power of wealth and its combinations as one of the chief dangers with which the institutions of the United States are threatened in the not distant future. The right of individual property is no doubt the very cornerstone of civilization as hitherto understood, but I am a little impatient of being told that property is entitled to exceptional consideration because it bears all the burdens of the State. It bears those, indeed, which can most easily be borne, but poverty pays with its person the chief expenses of war, pestilence, and famine. Wealth should not forget this, for poverty is beginning to think of it now and then. Let me not be misunderstood. I see as clearly as any man possibly can, and rate as highly, the value of wealth, and of hereditary wealth, as the security of refinement, the feeder of all those arts that ennoble and beautify life, and as making a country worth living in. Many an ancestral hall here in England has been a nursery of that culture which has been of example and benefit to all. I should not think of coming before you to defend or to criticise any form of government. All have their virtues, all their defects, and all have illustrated one period or another in the history of the race, with signal services to humanity and culture. There is not one that could stand a cynical cross-examination by an experienced criminal lawyer, except that of a perfectly wise and perfectly good despot, such as the world has never seen, except in that white-haired king of Browning's who

Lived long ago
In the morning of the world,
When Earth was nearer Heaven than now.

The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet, if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble a good while before it found the change for a convincing reply. As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a majority of voices? To a person who in the last century would have called himself an impartial observer, a numerical preponderance seems on the whole as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised, but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of the well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined.

The arguments against universal suffrage are equally unanswerable. 'What,' we exclaim, 'shall Tom, Dick, and Harry have as much weight in the scale as I?' Of course, nothing could be more absurd. And yet universal suffrage has not been the instrument of greater un wisdom than contrivances of a more select description. Assemblies could be mentioned composed entirely of Masters of Arts and Doctors in Divinity who have sometimes shown traces of human passion or prejudice in their votes. The democratic theory is that those Constitutions are likely to prove steady which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one; 'Is it wise to give every man the ballot?' but rather the practical one, 'Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer?' It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads. At any rate this is the dilemma to which the drift of opinion has been for some time sweeping us, and in politics a dilemma is a more unmanageable thing to hold by the horns than a wolf by the ears. It is said that the right of suffrage is not valued when it is indiscriminately bestowed, and there may be some truth in this, for I have observed that what men prized most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral. But is there not danger that it will be valued at more than its worth if denied, and that some illegitimate way will be sought to make up for the want of it? Men who have a voice in public affairs are at once affiliated with one or other of the great parties between which society is divided, merge their individual hopes and opinions in its safer, because more generalized, hopes and opinions, are disciplined by its tactics, and acquire to a certain degree the orderly qualities of an army. They no longer belong to a class but to a body corporate. Of one thing at least we may be certain, that, under whatever method of helping things to go wrong man's wit can contrive, those who have the divine right to govern will be found to govern in the end, and that the highest privilege to which the majority of mankind can aspire is that of being governed by those wiser than they. Universal suffrage has in the United States sometimes been made the instrument of inconsiderate changes, under the notion of reform, and this from a misconception of the true meaning of popular judgment. One of these has been the substitution in many of the States of popular election for official selection in the choice of judges. The same system applied to military officers was the source of much evil during our Civil War, and, I believe, had to be abandoned. But it has been also true that on all great questions of national policy a reserve of prudence and discretion has been brought out at the critical moment to turn the scale in favor of a wiser decision. An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run. It is perhaps true that, by effacing the principle of passive obedience, democracy, ill-understood, has slackened the spring of that ductility to discipline which is essential to 'the unity and married calm of States.' But I feel assured that experience and

necessity will cure this evil as they have shown their power to cure others. And under what frame of policy have evils not been remedied till they became intolerable, and shook men out of their indolent indifference through their fears?

We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principle of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius. If these things were so society could not hold together. Perhaps the best forcing-house of robust individuality would be where public opinion is inclined to be most overbearing, as he must be of heroic temper who should walk along Piccadilly at the height of the season in a soft hat. As for authority, it is one of the symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere, but this is due partly to the fact that statecraft is no longer looked upon as a mystery, but as a business, and partly to the decay of superstition, by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough and tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits, and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is, perhaps, neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it, and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshipper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion. But is it democracies alone that fall into errors? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson, the railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the saviour of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so. But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo, the least vulgar of men, the most austere genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so justify them in respecting others.

Such a result is quite possible under other conditions than those of an avowedly democratical Constitution. For I take it that the real essence of democracy was fairly enough defined by the First Napoleon when he said that the French Revolution meant 'la carrière ouverte aux talents'—a clear pathway for merit of whatever kind. I should be inclined to paraphrase this by calling democracy that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it. If a man can climb, and feels himself encouraged to climb, from a coalpit to the highest position for which he is fitted, he can well afford to be indifferent what name is given to the government under which he lives. The Bailli of Mirabeau, uncle of the more famous tribune of that name, wrote in 1771: 'The English are, in my opinion, a hundred times more agitated and more unfortunate than the very Algerines themselves, because they do not know and will not know till the destruction of their over-swollen power, which I believe very near, whether they are monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, and wish to play the part of all three.' England has not been obliging enough to fulfil the Bailli's prophecy, and perhaps it was this very carelessness about the name and concern about the substance of popular government, this skill in getting the best out of things as they are, in utilizing all the motives which influence men, and in giving one direction to many impulses, that has been a principal factor of her greatness and power. Perhaps it is fortunate to have an unwritten Constitution, for

men are prone to be tinkering the work of their own hands, whereas they are more willing to let time and circumstance mend or modify what time and circumstance have made. All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants. And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate. What is really ominous of danger to the existing order of things is not democracy (which, properly understood, is a conservative force) but the Socialism which may find a fulcrum in it. If we cannot equalize conditions and fortunes any more than we can equalize the brains of men—and a very sagacious person has said that 'where two men ride on a horse one must ride behind'—we can yet, perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities, and to prevent their growing more enormous. It is all very well to pooh-pooh Mr. George and to prove him mistaken in his political economy. I do not believe that land should be divided because the quantity of it is limited by nature. Of what may this not be said? *A fortiori* we might on the same principle insist on a division of human wit, for I have observed that the quantity of this has been even more inconveniently limited. Mr. George himself has inequitably large share of it. But he is right in his impelling motive, right, also, I am convinced, in insisting that humanity makes a part, by far the most important part, of political economy, and in thinking man to be of more concern and more convincing than the longest columns of figures in the world. For unless you include human nature in your addition your total is sure to be wrong, and your deductions from it fallacious. Communism means barbarism, but Socialism means, or wishes to mean, co-operation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce—means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction.

I do not believe in violent changes nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on compulsion, and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure for the evils to which human nature is heir outside of human nature itself. The rule will always hold good that you must

Be your own palace or the world's your gaol.

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, in endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small-pox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has cultivated much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies, or

aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

Current Criticism

MR. BLACK'S LATEST NOVEL:—Judith herself, so far as she is a living and moving personage, is, we must suppose, wholly the author's creation, and he has seldom created a more charming heroine. It was a happy thought to account for her unromantically long spinsterhood by imagining an overmastering affection for her father, such as made all other men pretty much alike to her; and the same hypothesis serves to bring about the touch of tragedy without which no novel can be complete in all its parts. Of course, as we have hinted, one great element of interest must be absent when the reader knows from the first that Thomas Quiney and Judith Shakspeare were duly married in due course. Nor can it be denied that we have rather too much of Mr. Leofric Hope, *alias* Jack Orridge. Indeed, the chief fault of the book is that the story is spun out to the verge of tenuity, so that readers who do not know how to read by the page will not improbably call a good deal of it tedious. Even with this drawback, however, they can hardly fail to be grateful to the author for so pretty a picture of old English life grouped around the greatest figure in English history.—*The Athenæum*.

'JOHN BULL'S WOMANKIND':—Max O'Rell does not confine himself to the domestic side of Englishwomen, other chapters being devoted to London beauties, London shop-girls, actresses (among whom Miss Mary Anderson comes in for her fair share of compliments), women's rights, Hallelujah lasses, and so forth. His laugh at our religious sects was not exhausted in his former book, and he goes out of his way in the new one to chronicle a 'net profit of fifteen religions for the year 1884.' Another miscellaneous topic included in the volume is English pulpit eloquence, of which he has not as a rule a very high opinion, although he mentions one particular sermon in Westminster Abbey by the present Bishop of Sydney than which he never heard any more graceful discourse. Finally, Max O'Rell ends with a lively postscript on politics. His views on the House of Lords are already known to our readers; as for the rest, he is convinced that England will soon have to grant Home Rule to Ireland, and that Mr. Parnell will live to be Viceroy in Dublin Castle.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

A WORD FOR CREMATION:—A good deal of discussion is going on in England on the subject of cremation, caused partly by the government giving the cold shoulder to, and the Church turning its broad back on, the 'Cremation Society' headed by Sir Henry Thompson. Nearly all admit the great advantages of that mode of disposing of the dead—the ancient mode, perfected and simplified by modern science—over burial, for hygienic and economic reasons; but the objections are, if not many, very strong. It is for Anglo-Saxons a new and startling thing, not to say something horrible, awful and uncanny, suggesting cruel Druidical or diabolical rites. It is an innovation that would do violence to our most sacred and settled prejudices and customs, and to natural feelings as tenacious as they are tender. Cremation is not a pleasant theme; but I believe it to be a question of great and ever-increasing importance, and so beg leave soon to follow this somewhat rambling article with one describing these peculiar funeral rites as I lately witnessed them, from the beginning to the end—which was not, let me add, a 'bitter end,' but something consoling, solemn, and even beautiful.—*Grace Greenwood, in The Independent*.

Notes

—THE first impression of the first volume of Mr. Parkman's new work, 'Montcalm and Wolf,' consisting of 1500 copies, was disposed of upon the day of publication, and the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., are now printing a new edition. The second volume, completing the book, will be ready November 15.

—George Routledge & Sons have just published four volumes of their One-Syllable Historical Course, comprising the histories of 'France,' 'Germany,' 'England,' and the 'United States,' the latter a revised and much enlarged edition. In their Illustrated Quarto Series they have issued 'Illustrated Poems and Songs for Young People,' edited by Helen Kendrick Johnson; and a new copy of 'Laboulaye's Fairy Tales.' The Sports and Pastimes of American Boys, a guide and text-book

of games, edited by Henry Chadwick, and 'Routledge's Picture Book of Wild Animals,' with colored and plain illustrations, will be ready this week. Three new books by Kate Greenaway are issued, and Caldecott has done up two old favorites in new dress and designs. There is also a handsome large-type three-volume edition of 'Knight's Shakspeare,' with illustrations, and a new 'Popular Natural History,' by Rev. J. G. Wood, copiously illustrated by Wolf, Harrison, Weir, and others. The same firm have nearly ready 'Routledge's Picture Book of Domestic Animals,' with plain and colored illustrations, a companion volume to their Book of Wild Animals, and 'The Museum of Wonders, and What the Young People Saw There,' explained in many colored pictures by F. Oppen, of *Puck*.

—Mr. James has selected for the title of his next novel, 'The Princess Casamassima,' a name which belongs to a character in the Italian novel, 'Tornata al Secolo,' a serial in last year's *Nuova Antologia*. Is it a 'conveyance,' or a 'coincidence'?

—In 'The Cholera in Italy,' Edwin Arnold has found the inspiration of a poem that appears in *The Independent*.

—Dr. Meynert's 'Treatise on Psychiatrie' has been translated by Dr. Barney Sachs, and will soon be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—Another story by Tourguéneff has been translated into English by Henri Gersoni, and is running as a serial in the campaign Prohibition paper, *The Voice*. Funk & Wagnalls will reissue it in book-form. It is called 'An Unfortunate Woman.'

—The library of the late Mr. James Maurice, of Maspeth, L. I., consisting of a fine selection of volumes of English literature, will be sold at auction by Bangs & Co. early next month. The library of the late Alexander Farnum, of Providence, R. I., will be sold by George A. Leavitt & Co., beginning November 19th.

—When the Bennett-Mackay cable is in perfect working order, says *Le Livre*, not only will the foreign news be forwarded to the *Herald* by way of London, but all the leading editorials will be cabled thence to the New York office, which latter is to be in reality but a branch of the London bureau!

—Scribner & Welford have ready a new sporting novel by 'Wanderer,' profusely illustrated with colored plates; and also a new illustrated edition of Harrison Ainsworth's 'The Tower of London.'

—The papers and speeches delivered at the Church Congress recently held in Detroit will be published at once by T. Whitaker in a portable octavo volume uniform with the previous reports.

—Henry George, Michael Davitt and Helen Taylor have started a ha'penny weekly in London for the promulgation of Socialistic ideas.

—Macmillan & Co. will publish immediately a new and revised edition of Charles Kingsley's poems, in two volumes, uniform with the Eversley Edition of the novels. The poems have been carefully rearranged by Mrs. Kingsley in chronological order, and a few new poems have been inserted. Mrs. Kingsley has also been at work upon a book of 'Daily Thoughts' selected from her husband's writings.

—*The Current* has just moved into permanent quarters in the fine new building of the Adams Express Company in Chicago.

—'On a Margin,' Fords, Howard & Hulbert's new novel of Wall Street and Washington life, is published anonymously.

—The editor of *The Bookbuyer* is preparing a holiday number of that valuable monthly, for which special articles on Christmas books and Christmas subjects are being written by Donald G. Mitchell, Rossiter Johnson, Roger Riordan, J. D. Champlin, Daniel C. Beard and others. A special cover has been designed for this number, and an engraving of Hébert's Madonna is being made for it.

—Mrs. Oliphant's new serial story, the first instalment of which will appear in the January *Atlantic*, is entitled 'A Country Gentleman.'

—A memoir of Madame Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, has been written by a near relative of that lady for publication in Germany, says *The Athenæum*, and is now being translated with a view to its publication in England.

—The new and beautiful Stillman Music Hall, at Plainfield, N. J., was informally opened on the evening of October 16, with an admirable orchestral concert given by Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, Miss Emma Juch appearing as the soloist. The programme included the Overtures to 'Tannhäuser' and 'Guillaume Tell,' the music of Delibes' ballet 'Sylvia' and other suitable numbers. The hall seats about 1000 persons.

—'An Appeal to Cæsar' is said to have reached its fifth thousand in less than two weeks.

George Routledge & Sons will have a new Kate Greenaway Almanac for 1885. It will be the size of the first, which was not as large as the one published last year.

—The Christmas number of *The English Illustrated* will contain 72 illustrations, 8 of which will be full-page plates worked separately on plate-paper. The frontispiece will be after a study of a child's head by Burne Jones, and among the contents will be 'Gainsborough,' by J. Comyns Carr; 'The Squire at Vauxhall,' by Austin Dobson, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson; 'Christmas in the Kyber Pass,' by Archibald Forbes; 'Clovelly,' by Frederick Pollock; 'Our Mission to Abyssinia,' by F. Villiers; a poem by Richard Jefferies; an article on Calvados illustrated by W. J. Hennessey; 'Naworth Castle,' by Canon Creighton, with illustrations by George Howard; and a short story by Henry James.

—We have received the current numbers of those welcome visitors, *The Antiquary* and *The Bibliographer*. (J. W. Bouton). The latter contains among other interesting papers a sketch of the late H. G. Bohn which, while thoroughly appreciative of his remarkable abilities, considers that he was too eminent to have his biographer say 'only smooth things of him.' We wish there were more biographers imbued with this commonsense spirit.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 821.—Please give me a definition of the word 'Altruism.' It is not found in Webster's Dictionary.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

LILY DALE.

[The Supplement to Webster's Unabridged (1883) gives the following definition of the word: 'Regard for others, both natural and moral; devotion to the interests of others; opposed to *egotism*.' The word is of recent origin.]

No. 822.—What is the reason that etiquette enjoins the use of 'yours sincerely,' between friends and acquaintances, and limits 'yours truly' to business communications? To my mind there is a ring of reality in the Saxon 'truly' which makes it specially appropriate between friends, and which is heard less plainly in the more euphemistic 'sincerely.' Is it that this very euphemism, perhaps, makes it the current expression of society? 2. What living poet speaks of himself as 'an idle singer of an empty day,' and where does he do so? 3. What does Rogers mean by 'its bells' in these lines from 'Italy':

Who met not the Venetian? Now in Cairo,
Ere yet the Califf came, listening to hear
Its bells approaching from the Red-Sea coast.

The Moslems forbade the use of bells, both by themselves and by those over whom they had rule.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

M. S. H. R.

[2. We do not recollect; but the phrase might well be applied to many contemporary poets.]

ANSWERS.

No. 820.—The Indian name of Block (or Blok) Island is spelled Manissis and pronounced Manseize. Your correspondent may be interested in the following verses addressed to a friend of mine who spent a part of the past summer at the resort in question. They throw light on the pronunciation of the word, if not on its orthography:

What is the name—alas! what is it—
That starts with *Man*—and ends with *-ss*?
The place itself your friend can't visit
Till some one tells him or he guesses.

When *i* precedes and *e* pursues it
You send me word that the address is
So badly spelt you must refuse it—
Doesn't rhyme with 'kisses,' or with 'Bees is'?

And when the *e* the *i* precedeth
That form as horrible a mess is:
Come, shed the light my poor brain needeth—
Is *iss* it, or is it *ess*?

The sound at least I find I can seize,
Suggestive of the island's blisses;
Then tell me, cruel Maid of Manseize,
Is it *Manseize*—or *Mantseize*?

NEW YORK CITY.

L. W.

PROFESSIONAL and literary men—Authors, Artists, Clergymen, Editors, Clerks, Lawyers, Physicians, Teachers, etc.—fancy that they are safe from accident because their avocations are not hazardous, but great numbers of them are maimed or killed every year by casualties occurring out of office hours, and from which the most cautious are not exempt. THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., will guarantee such persons \$1000 insurance, and \$5 weekly indemnity while disabled, for only \$5 a year.